The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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Battle for the Right.

WE call that man a hero, who
Upon the battle-field,
Is first at morn to meet the foe,
And last at eve to yield.

For him we weave the greenest bays,
For him the poet sings;
For him the bard attunes his lyre,
And sweeps its silver strings.

But there's a nobler courage, that
The warrior ne'er can know,
Who takes that which he cannot give,
From brother, friend, or foe.

And he is braver far who, 'mid
Temptation, scorn, and slight,
Still trusts in God, and boldly dares
To battle for the Right.

It was a rough backwoodsman, of
The days of yore, who said,
"Before you make a move, be sure
You're right, then go ahead."

This homely maxim kept in mind,
Will serve our paths to light,
And we can smile tho' others sneer,
While battling for the Right.

Dear children, evil ever lies
In wait our souls to snare,
But angel-voices whisper soft
Within our hearts, beware!

We all can be, if we but will,
God's heroes in the fight;
Then let us gird our armor on,
And battle for the Right. *Little Sower.*

WE all might do good,
Whether lowly or great,
For the deed is not guaged
By the purse or estate;
Hit be but a cup
Of cold water that's given,
Like the widow's two mites,
It is something for Heaven.

For the Myrtle.

The American Eagle.

EAGLES are found in nearly all countries that have high mountain ranges. There are many varieties in the mountains of Europe, and several in America. They are not the largest of birds, but they are very strong and powerful, and have a higher flight than any other bird known. Hence the eagle is called the King of birds. They fly swiftly for their size, and are very fierce with their enemies. Audobon says they will fly straight up out of sight without seeming to stir their wings, and their descent is like lightning. They live to a great age.

The two kinds most common in this country are the golden eagle, that lives among the cliffs of mountains, and the white-headed, or, as it is sometimes called, the bald eagle. It is not bald, however, but has its head thickly covered with white feathers. It builds its nests in very high trees, and the female is even larger and fiercer than the male. It is found mostly in mountain regions, especially among the Rocky Mountains. It is this bird that has been chosen as the em-

of our Republic. Although so highly honored, the bald eagle is not the most courageous species, and gets its living largely by dishonesty, stealing its prey from the fish-hawk and other birds. Audobon regrets that it was chosen by our people, and so does Franklin, who says: "The bald eagle is not brave enough nor honest enough to be the symbol of our country." Audobon found some specimens of a kind, larger, and black and brown, almost gold color, which he thought much more worthy to be called the national bird, and named "The Bird of Washington."

The eagle has been among all nations the emblem of bravery and kingly power. The symbol of St. John among the disciples was an eagle; the eagle was sacred among the Greeks and Persians; and among the Romans it was called the bird of Jove, and was represented with thunderbolts in its claws. It was adopted as the emblem of the Roman Republic, and was blazoned on their banners.

Prussia has the black eagle and Poland the white; and Austria has the double-headed eagle, as a symbol of dominion both in the east and west. Napoleon adopted the Roman eagle as the emblem of France. Afterwards it was discarded and torn down from all public places; but it was again adopted by Napoleon Third.

Our nation adopted it probably for the same reasons that so many other nations did, with the added reasons that the bald eagle was a peculiarly American bird, and that the eagle was the symbol of the great Republic of Rome, after which ours was largely modelled. It was blazoned on a great many of the earlier American flags, until the making of the flag was regulated by law. This is the final act about the flag, as it was approved April 4, 1818:

"The Flag of the United States shall be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white. The Union shall be a number of white stars in a blue field, corresponding with the number of States in the Union. Upon the admission of a State to the Union, another star is added to the flag on the 4th of July next succeeding her admission."

The thirteen stripes, every child understands, are for the thirteen original States, while the stars grow with the growth of the country. Who can tell whether any stars were added this year?

After settling upon the "stars and stripes" for the national flag, the eagle was reserved for the U. S. coat of arms and for coins. The Roman eagle was represented sitting, with closed wings. Ours has his wings wide-spread, the symbol of wide dominion, guarding the shield, on which are the stars and stripes, while his talons grasp flags, and in his beak he bears a streamer with the motto, "*E pluribus unum*,"—"Out of many, one." You see what it means—one country out of many States.

In our late war two Western regiments had pet eagles which they carried into the war with them. The Eighth Wisconsin had a genuine bald eagle, "Old Abe," that went and returned with them, flying over their heads when they marched, and soaring and screaming above them in battle as if he were indeed the fierce guardian of the nation. They gave him to the State on their return, and a Kansas regiment sent its gray eagle to be its companion. We saw both these historic birds in the grounds of the State House at Madison; and have seen the picture of "Old Abe," natural as life, in many a child's album. As we looked upon these noble birds, we thought they were indeed worthy to be emblems of the Republic.

Every school-boy knows by heart Rodman Drake's beautiful account of how the symbols of our nation were first chosen:

"When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set its stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.
Then from its mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land."

The Best Time to Fret.

Two gardeners had their crops of peas killed by the frost, one of whom, who had fretted greatly and grumbled at his loss, visiting his neighbor sometime after, was astonished to see another fine crop growing, and inquired how it could be.

"These are what I sowed while you were fretting," was the reply.

"Why, don't you ever fret?"

"Yes; but I put it off till I have repaired the mischief."

"Why, then there's no need to fret at all."

"True,—that's the reason I put it off."

For the Myrtle.

Finding the "Pearl."

Susan — Good evening, Mary. I'm so glad to see you! You can't think what a strange story I've heard about you.

Mary — What, about me? I hope it isn't anything very bad, Susan.

S. — Well, perhaps you won't think it very bad, but I shouldn't want such a story told about me.

M. — What is it, Susan?

S. — I really don't want to tell. Can't you guess, now?

M. — I don't think I can, for I am not conscious of having done anything to make a story of—certainly nothing very strange or wonderful.

S. — Well, I'm sorry I mentioned it, but I thought you knew all about it, and so it could do no harm to speak of it, you know.

M. — Speak of what? You haven't given me a clue to your meaning yet.

S. — Well, never mind. Let's talk about something else. It isn't anything bad, you know.

M. — I hope not, but how can I tell? You *must* tell me what it is!

S. — Well, if I must, I *must*. It is all about "getting religion."

M. — Getting religion? Why, that is something to be *proud* of, not to be *sorry* for? But what has that to do with me?

S. — Nothing; only they say you've got religion, and are going to join the church! and so I suppose we'll have to give you up from all the rides and parties and balls—you, Mary, so young and happy!

M. — Dear Susan, I love God, and I love the Saviour, and I love religion; but I love the innocent pleasures of life, too.

S. — Yes, but if you join the church you will have to give them all up, and put on a long face, and look so sad and sorrowful. O Mary, it will be painful to see you then!

M. — By no means, dear Susan, for my religion is cheerful and happy—the religion of love. Do you suppose that God, who makes the sunlight and the rainbows, and the flowers, and gives us the capacity to laugh and sing and be happy, would make his religion to be cheerless, gloomy, and disconsolate? No, Susan; my religion is bright as the sunlight, and as cheerful and happy as love itself.

S. — O Mary! then we shall not lose you, after all! Thank the Lord for that!

M. — No, Susan, you will lose me from nothing that is innocent and happy. But will you not come with me to the arms of the Saviour, and sing and pray and worship the God of love?

S. — Yes, dear Mary; for your religion is so cheerful, so happy, so divine!

M. — (*M. and S. arm in arm.*) So you see, Christian friends, my sister had the common opinion about the *sadness* of religion, and was fearful of losing me from her occasional *merry-makings*; and you also see, that while there is no danger of her losing my company in this beautiful world, she has found what is far better, for this world and the next—the Pearl of great price—the Religion of Love.

S. — Yes, children; and let me advise you all to come to this fold of the Good Shepherd, and we will do you good, and be happy together.

J. J. A.

The Three Sieves.

"Oh, mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, *is it true?*"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, *is it kind?*"

"I did not mean to be unkind, mamma, but I am afraid it was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have spoken of her."

"And, *is it necessary?*"

"No, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue, dear Blanche, and don't speak of it. If we cannot speak well of our friends, let us not speak of them at all."

TAKE heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.

For the Myrtle.

The Glorious Fourth.

Here's for the Britishers! there in the bushes,—
  Send out your vessels to fight 'em by sea,
And I'll fight by land in the closest of brushes,
  With cannon as savage as cannon can be!

Up to the brim I have filled them with powder;
  Hold to your ears if you don't want them split!
I tell you there'll ne'er be a thunder-clap louder
  Than this bang of guns, when the enemy's hit!

Bear away, Commodore,—get out from under,—
  I can't insure what your head may be worth;—
One, two, three—now look out for the thunder!
  Bang! bang! bang! oh, hurrah for the Fourth!

Look at the guns *now!*—why, where are you kiting?
  Don't be afraid, girls, your blood will be spilled;
This, after all, is the best kind of fighting,—
  We've bursted the cannon, and nobody's killed!"

For the Myrtle.

Our Picnic.

WOULD you like to hear the true story of our picnic? Well, here it is.

After discussing all the nice places in the neighborhood, we decided to go to Walden Pond Grove, about twenty miles away. So the tickets were issued and programmes made, and we practised "festival songs" in the school for four or five weeks before the picnic was to come off.

Bright and early on the morning of the twenty-first of June, a large company met at the special train that was to take them out to the grove. Not only was the whole school there, but many of their friends with them, so that the whole company on the ground must have been six hundred.

A few who could not go on this first train took the next, an hour or two later, and of this number were we. So that when we arrived the ground was swarming with people, and we were met at the car-door with a chorus of "how do you do?" and cries of "what! *you* on this train, and *you*, and *you*!" and "oh, isn't it a lovely day?" and a hundred other things, all blending in one stream of happy talk and laughter.

The engine screams and dashes on, and we follow the crowd out into the grove. Familiar faces greet us everywhere; it seems as if everybody we know is here. Everywhere, too, we see the arrangements for a pleasant time: the swings of all kinds, the fandango with its pretty horses, on which children are riding every moment, from morning till night; the stalls for ice-cream and dainties of all kinds; the covered pavilion, where music is playing and dancing already going on; the beautiful lake dotted with boats, with bath-houses on either side, and shaded wharves to sit and look off on the water.

There is a deep, cold well, with a little temple built over it, where we go to refresh ourselves from the heat; and then we walk around among the shady trees to see the people and the place, until the bell rings for the games.

Then we all go to another part of the grove, where a large ring is formed with a rope passed around it. The first thing is the sack-race. A number of young men and lads encase themselves in long, narrow bags, tied about their necks, and stand in a row to run a race. Word is given, and they all start off on a jump, like rabbits; for of course they cannot step one foot before the other. At the first step one rolls over in a heap on the grass, and before they reach their goal another topples over in the same helpless way. Some one has to come and stand them up again, for they are too much tied up to get on their feet alone.

Then comes the wheelbarrow race. Those who try the race have their eyes blinded and try to wheel the barrow around a cane set up at the other end of the ring. It is curious to see how bewildered they get, turning off in a wide angle or going off in a different direction from the cane. Only one goes around, and he wanders away off outside the ring afterwards, instead of going back to the starting-point.

The races made much sport. After they were

over all adjourned for dinner, which was soon laid on the grass in all parts of the grove. We found ourselves in a large and merry company, who made their dinner-hour the most lively hour of the day.

Then every one was free to spend the long afternoon as he chose. Many of the young people flocked to the dancing, and wherever we went we could still hear the music's cheery call. The children clung to the swings and horses, or ran about the shore and waded in the shallow water. Groups sat in the shade and talked, while now and then one tried to sketch the beautiful pond and its wooded shores.

As for ourselves, we rowed off across the water in one of the little boats, and landed on the farther shore, and followed up the path near to the spot where Thoreau used to have his hut, when he spent whole weeks down here to make friends with birds and insects and all things of the wildwood, and to write it all, afterward, in his charming books. We gather our hands full of ferns and vines, and row back just as all are going to the "amphitheatre," where the speeches are to be made.

Ah, we have not seen all the nice places of the grove yet, for here is a lovely dell, with a covered hall in the centre, filled with seats, and seats arranged all up the sides of the hills under the trees. Here we sing the festival songs, and have a speech from a governor, and a grave professor awards the prizes for the races, — a silver quarter on a ribbon to those succeeding best, and a large medal in the shape of a tin plate to those succeeding worst. In the midst of this the whistle of the train sounded, and all had to hurry away.

But a car or two was left for the next train, and so quite a company staid to wave good-by to the others and then to enjoy another sail or dance or stroll until the two hours went by and the next train came to draw them home in the cool twilight. And it was still a gay company, for all went home as happy as they were tired.

This is a part of the story of our picnic, but we suppose it would take a larger paper than the MYRTLE to tell *all* that happened.

A CHILD three years old, who had seen parched corn, but not the trees in bloom, came in one day in the early summer with her eyes as round as buttons, and said, "O mamma, pop-corn all over the pear-trees!"

For the Myrtle.

George Stephenson.

MOST of my readers have either heard of, or seen, or actually been conveyed upon, the railway; but perhaps not many boys or girls know that the most eminent man in the establishment of railways was called George Stephenson, who was a very poor lad; but though poor he was wise and industrious, and, in consequence, he became a great and famous man, and did a great deal of good to the world in constructing steam-engines and making railways. He presents a good example to all the little boys in our Sunday Schools.

He always regarded time as precious, and carefully turned every minute to account. During the colliery night-shifts he took his first lessons in arithmetic. When he had worked his sums on a slate, he sent them off next morning to a teacher in the neighborhood to correct, who in turn sent him new questions to answer. For this service the eager scholar paid his teacher the humble tribute of a few cents per week. The rest of his time he occupied during the night-shifts in cleaning the pitmen's clocks and watches, for which he was paid. He also cut the pitmen's clothes out, and gave instructions in the art of "cutting out" to the pitmen's wives, usually not very smart at such sort of work.

He also made shoes in these lone nights by the engine fire, and occasionally made presents of them to the poor relations of his wife and their children.

He turned his ready hand to anything. Among others of his works was a sun-dial, still fixed over the door of the house he lived in while at Killingworth, in England; and to the last day of his life he felt a pride at the sight of that sun-dial.

Not long before his death, while surveying the line of the Newcastle and Berick Railroad, he drove a professional friend somewhat out of his way to have an admiring look at the dial.

How many of my boy readers are trying to be as great a man as George Stephenson?

R. C. W.

Children's Sunday.

VERMONT.

The 25th was celebrated at Springfield. The church was quite elaborately prepared for the 18th, but on account of the rain the service was deferred. On the next Sabbath the church was even more beautifully adorned. Eleven children were christened. At five in the afternoon a floral concert was given by the Sunday School. The exercises of the infant class were especially pleasing, both superintendent and pastor being presented by the class with a beautiful bouquet.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The children's annual Floral Sunday was observed in the Universalist church in Orange, June 18. The church was beautifully and tastefully decorated. Festoons of evergreens were hung over the orchestra, behind the desk, with a large floral cross suspended from the centre; underneath which, in large letters, were the words of Christ, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Large wreaths of evergreen and flowers were suspended from each of the windows; a large and very beautiful cross made of flowers adorned the front of the desk, while the top of the pulpit, the table, orchestra and windows were literally filled with bouquets. The opening services were performed by the school, after which the pastor addressed the scholars, taking for his theme Flowers, Children, and Religion. All the younger members of the school were then called out upon the platform in front of the desk, when the pastor presented each one with a rose-bud, pronouncing upon them the patriarchal benediction: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.' Although the day was exceedingly stormy, the house was well filled, and all manifested a deep interest in the services. Owing to the severe rain-storm, the young children were not presented for baptism.

The services in Charlestown on the 25th were appropriate and pleasant. There were abundant floral decorations, and the children of the Sunday School united in the services, filling the galleries. Prof. Leonard, of Tufts College, christened the children of the pastor, and the others presented were received by the pastor, who afterwards gave a short sermon on the Christian culture of the young.

The observance was celebrated in Weymouth, for the first time, on the 18th. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers. Forty-five intended to be dedicated; and notwithstanding the very stormy weather, thirty-three of the number stood before the altar. The church was well filled. The ceremony, though simple, was very interesting, and a deep impression was made upon all present.

The 18th was observed in Chicopee by a Concert service of the Sunday School. The church was tastefully decorated, and the whole service pleasant and appropriate. All hearts were saddened, however, at the thought of the loss of their late superintendent, Mr. Chase, who said of the day a year ago that "it was one of the happiest of his life," and who had since passed on to the land immortal.

The 25th was observed in the 1st Church, Lowell. The entire audience room was elaborately decorated. "One of the prominent objects of floral beauty, and one which could hardly be surpassed in exquisite skill of arrangement and tastefulness of design, was a large cross placed in front of the pulpit, composed of white flowers. Other floral decorations of different designs were prepared and so arranged as to produce the most beautiful effect. The church seemed to be converted for the time into a conservatory of flowers." Fourteen children were received. The choir were accompanied, in singing, by some fifty members of the Sunday School.

Nine children instead of *five*, as stated in our last, were dedicated in the Second Church, Lowell, on "Children's Sunday."

CONNECTICUT.

We have the following account of decorations and exercises at the Hartford celebration: "The church was beautifully decorated with flowers. A magnificent floral star was placed on the wall back of the pulpit, the table on which stood the baptismal font was adorned with white rose-buds, a rustic basket filled with flowers and vines, and with a snow-white dove upon the handle, stood behind the table, while vases and garlands of flowers were profusely displayed about the interior of the edifice. The music was especially fine, an original and appropriate hymn by Mrs. C. H. Webster, with music by Mr. S. T. Bissel, being noticeable. The pastor made an address with special reference to childhood and its memories, and at the close baptized about twenty children." A Sunday School Concert was given in the evening.

NEW YORK.

On account of Dr. Chapin's departure for Europe, Children's Sunday was celebrated in his church a week earlier than usual, on the 4th of June. The church was adorned as usual, and the pastor preached a sermon for the occasion from the text, "Consider the lilies of the field," after which some twenty-five children received the rite of baptism.

At the Mission School at Brevoort Hall, speeches suitable to the day were made, and each of the two hundred and forty children received a bouquet. The profuse flowers were the voluntary contributions of friends.

PENNSYLVANIA.

June 11th was celebrated at Reading with the baptismal service, decorations, and music by the children. The school numbers three hundred, and is constantly increasing in numbers.

The "Winchester Confession."

The Publishing House has just issued the Universalist Confession of Faith on an illuminated card, in red and gold, with a scroll border and a picture of the old Winchester Church at the top. They would make a fine Sunday School gift, especially for infant and smaller classes. We commend them to the attention of superintendents and teachers. Too few of our children and young people know what the Universalist Confession of Faith is, and this puts it before them in handsome and convenient form for constant reference. The cards have been prepared at considerable cost, and will be sold in quantities at the rate of six dollars a hundred, ten cents the single copy.

We Should Hate Evil.

We should never hate our fellow-men; we are commanded to love them, yes, to love them as we love ourselves, and that will be a very strong love; for we all love self greatly. But we are required to hate evil, — to hate that which is wrong, and sinful, and opposed to God's holy commandments. "Abhor that which is evil." This is the counsel of a Christian apostle. Our New England Puritan Fathers had a very expressive name for some of their children — HATE-EVIL. It was presumed that a person with that name ought to be good all his life-time. But all persons, whatever their names, ought to hate evil, although they are not to hate the evil-doer, but to pity and pray for him, and seek to reclaim him. Hatred of sin, but love for the sinner; this is imitating God.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XLIII.

PART II.

JESUS SENDS HIS DISCIPLES TO PREACH TO THE ISRAELITES.

"For our sakes no doubt this is written, that he that ploweth should plow in hope."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. x. 16–42.

Question. — Into what dangers did Christ send his disciples when he sent them to the Israelites?

Answer. — Matt. x. 16.

NOTE. With the ancients, the serpent was the emblem of wisdom, and the dove was the emblem of innocence. The disciples were not to court persecution. On the other hand, they were to do nothing wrong in order to escape. They were to be both wise and pure.

Q. — Why were they to beware of them?

A. — Matt. x. 17.

NOTE. The council here referred to is supposed to be the tribunal of three officers of each synagogue who had power to punish certain offences. When they sentenced persons to be scourged, the scourging was sometimes inflicted in the synagogue in the presence of these officers. See Acts xxii. 19 and xxvi. 11. According to the law of Moses (Deut. xxv. 2, 3), not more than forty stripes could be inflicted for any one offence.

Q. — By what other persons would they be persecuted?

A. — Matt. x. 18.

NOTE. This was signally fulfilled in the case of Paul before the Roman governors, as also in the case of Peter, John and James.

Q. — Were they to be anxious respecting the defence they should make before these rulers?

A. — Matt. x. 19.

Q. — On what were they to rely for help in their defence?

A. — Matt. x. 20.

Q. — Among what intimate relatives should there be the severest persecutions?

A. — Matt. x. 21.

Q. — What promise was made to those who should continue faithful?

A. — Matt. x. 22.

NOTE. They would be saved into the kingdom of heaven, into nearness to God, into likeness to him, and enjoy the things God has in store for those who love him.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1.

1. Who once led a company to battle with lamps and pitchers?
2. Who took the jewelry of the people and made them into an image?
3. Who cheated his son-in-law out of seven years' labor?
4. Who was leader of the temple music in the time of David?
5. What disciple doubted Christ's resurrection?
6. Who was received from the dead in a figure?
7. Who bought the cave Machpelah?

The initials of the answers to these questions is a city in which Paul preached. *Young Pilgrim.*

Enigma No. 2.

He that beloved of Jesus was,
And leaned upon his breast;
An aged female saint, who once
The infant Saviour blest.

He who was by a patriarch sent
To seek his son a wife;
He who, when four days in the grave,
Was then restored to life.

Take the initials of each name,
And them in order set;
A woman who a captain slew,
You will not then forget. *Little Sower.*

Answers.

JULY 1. No. 1. Rebecca; Esther; Sampson; Terah. Rest. No. 2. Tired.

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